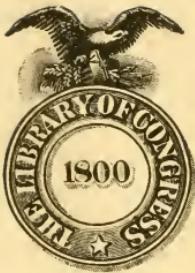


SONGS
AND
SONNETS



LAWRENCE McDONALD



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SONGS AND SONNETS: BY
LAWRENCE McDONALD

THE COLONIAL PRESS

Pittsburgh, Pa.

SONGS
AND
SONNETS

By

LAWRENCE McDONALD.

“It had become a laughing girl
With apple blossoms in her hair,
That called me by my name and ran
And faded through the brightening air”.

YEATS.

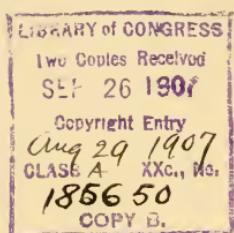
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NOTE:

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The Author.

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF A LOYAL FRIEND,
MY WIFE.

A SPRAY OF ASPHODEL.

Love called me back when my soul was drifting
Out to the billows of sure despair—
Back to the beach when the seas were misting,
Whispering love—and the sun in her hair.

Blind was I, and her smile was lightning
Blazing a way up the drifting sand;
Halt and lame, and hard was the fighting—
Love led the way as she took my hand.

Health was she when the wasting fever
Menaced a life that was lived in vain;
Love put a new heart in me forever—
White was her soul when the Angel came.

Came in the night with stillest breathing,
Over her casting his withering breath;
Silence alone gave ear to my pleading,
Day found me holding the hand of death.

Back comes her spirit with sweeter meaning,
Merging her heart with my heart of years;
Mine is she still with no hollow seeming—
Purchase I made with my grief and tears.

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THAT DIAMOND RARE.

Man's soul, truth-sparkling, is a borrowed light;
And, like that rarest diamond clear and blue,
Quenched is its radiance on the hand of night
And gives no ray unless the sun shines through.

So man can give no splendor to his days
If Truth its mirror in him does not find;
His heart no sparks of loveliness displays,
Nor in his going leaves bright tints behind.

This Gem the Word hath wrought at Adam's birth,
White-lusted first, pure water, perfect set;
Go search the lonesome areas of earth
Man, image of his Maker, stands as yet;

And as we know the sun by modes it lives
We may know God but by the light God gives.

OFF BRIGANTINE.

Full sail and a prow to the East
And a laugh on the lips of the tide,
Our trim yacht speeds like a hound released
And you, dear, by my side.

With face to the biting spray
We plunge through the snarling foam,
Each sail all bright in the white sunlight
And a heart for the sea, our home.

At rest in the sheltered cove,
Far under Absecon Light,
We watch the white stars burning their love
Deep in the breast of night.

Till over the black lagoon
Where the Inlet is locked in sleep
She comes as a fire—the red, round moon,
Slow-lifting her disc from the Deep.

And across her brightening tire
One creeping Greyhound slips
While my heart has a glow like angels know
Lit by the song from your lips.

Red flare of blood in the East,
A snarl in the throat of the tide,
And the gray reef groans like a wounded beast
When you're not by my side.

FROM MOSS AND PINE.

I pluck this rare Arbutus vine,
At dawn, dear heart, for you;
And as your cheek its blossoms are
Pink-flaming in the dew.
None brighter may these hills afford
Than what I bring, Lisette;
And every bud contains a tear
My heart cannot forget.

They waft me fragrant spring-tides
From the dales of long ago
When you were once a wild-wood queen
With soul as white as snow.
How eagerly I kiss these buds
As oft I kissed—ah, well,
The flavor runs through all these years
Like luscious Muscatel.

I bring this spray from moss and pine,
Again, dear heart, to you,
For every blossom pink and white
Flames with a memory true;
Still beautiful as limner's dream
I hold your face, Lisette,
How could you break the honest heart
That never could forget.

MAID OF NOVA SCOTIA.

(To Emma MacLeod, of Mira.)

In Canada, in Canada,
My heart would ever stay
For there my Nova Scotia Maid
Goes fishing down the bay;
She wears a wreath of maple leaves
Bound in her coal-black hair
Though tanned by sun my cheery one
Is wondrous sweet and fair.

She can swim, she can row,
If a gale begins to blow
She is sturdy as a sailor
When the sea rocks to and fro
Then I fold her to my bosom
As the boat to seaward clips
And I keep the mist from clinging
To her rosy laughing lips.

Every day when winds are gay
And waves are full of glee
She trims her sail to meet the gale
In music of the sea;
Her laughter rings out clear and strong,
In danger not afraid;
Than all the glow which heavens know
More beauteous is my maid.

She can swim, she can row,
If a squall begins to blow
She is merry as a sailor
When the boat rocks to and fro;
But the sea-gods ever envy us
These wild and merry trips
When they see me kiss the sea-dew
From her rosy laughing lips.

THE SCHENLEY HIGHLANDS.

Sweet are my hours upon the Schenley highlands,
Bright with the day-gleam on their crests of dew;
Robed are the hills in Autumn's yellow glory
Of goldenrod—and you.

Entrancing is the splendor of the morning
All color-hazy in the mist clad view
And in the brightness of the sun just rising
I see the eyes of you.

The blazing uplands shift with feet of wonder
All gaily waking, while a rustling crew
Of golden flowers, and sunbeams, pave a pathway
For me, with dreams of you.

Happy you stroll in far Acadian meadows
Whilst I collect the dust of rose and rue;
Close will I cling throughout the autumn madness
Of goldenrod—and you.

These eyes may ne'er again behold your beauty
As summer lands lay claim to you anew;
Within my heart I lock one fadeless treasure,
The memory, Dear, of you.

THE DEAR OLD PATHWAY.

No more we meet along the dear old pathway
That leads to upland gardens, fair and bright;
No more we meet beneath the trailing roses
Where fondly I caressed you in the night;
No more we meet at star-light in the maples
To wander down the driveways of the grove;
No more I kiss your warm hand in a silence—
Too sacred, Dear, to give it name but love.

No quivering cheek upon my bosom nestles,
No eyes tear-brimming shine as silver seas,
No one to whisper tenderly: "I love you,"
No music in the voices of the trees;
No more we meet at star-light in the maples
To wander down the driveways of the grove;
No more I wake your fine lips from their silence—
They can no longer whisper me of love.

SEPTEMBER STARLIGHT.

These holy nights are full of sweetest power,
White stars are glowing in the ebon blue,
Pale Dian walks in silver, glad the hour
So full of dreams of you.

The thirsty leaves alive with velvet tremblings
Show their enjoyance while the air they quaff;
I list with rapture to their deft dissemblings,
Like ripples of your laugh.

A spirit stirs among the poplar branches,
With soft disturbance like a dear caress;
It wakes my ear to sound which me entrances,
Like rustlings of your dress.

And all the air is glad unto repining;
I roam with you along the star-lit blue,
Till my lone soul believes the stars are shining
With those bright eyes of you.

LISETTE IS FAIR.

Madonna-faced Lisette is fair
But wins one with her wondrous eyes
Which sweetly deep an image keep
Like clearest wells of Paradise;
Her kindly soul with softest beam
Shines forth with fair angelic gleam.

When she goes by a brighter sky
With bluer dome there seems to be,
Astir with life the scene is rife
With meadow breath and breeze of sea;
And over all the summer air
The mild madonna face so fair.

O tender-eyed Lisette is fair
And merrier far than swallow's skip,
A pink rose flushing in her cheek,
An oleander on her lip
My inward soul has softest strings
That vibrate clear with love she brings.

She's only eight, my winsome pet,
A sky-blown bud, my light Lisette.

BLUE-EYED ROSAMOND.

Locked are the violet chambers of her eyes
And on her face the calm of deepest seas
Whose lullabies are spent and in the ease
Of sleep still dream of busy bays and skies.
So rests her clay; but still her spirit flies,
Winged to finer action which no habits tease
Learned in the ways of flesh. These sun-bright leas,
Heaven's merry meadows where the Christ-kin hies
Are fresh delights unto her quivering soul,
Balms which she sought at many a lovely shrine;
Dark-ported Death unswung to make her whole
In the soft bloom of that fair Rose Divine.

There my heart follows, maiden bright and fond,
Deathless with thee, my blue-eyed Rosamond.

THE DEAD SHOPMATE.

Let us place this rose wreath at his head,
Lilies on his casket;
Our shopmate's face is peaceful, white and dead;
Dark is our grief, we mask it
By these scented petals bunched and bright—
Color-words, a lettered
Tribute to him who passed beyond the night
With soul unfettered;
Passed to noon-light from the shadows dun,
From bush-edge to waving corn and sun.

He was an expert workman, strange to see
His hands so very still,
There encoffined; void the tongue its glee
That jested in the mill.
Flowers that cheer—how like his daily life;
He was our brother,
Kind to loan a tool, a square, a knife,
Or hand to help, no bother;
When accident let loose its awful plight
The list for aid was headed with his mite.

Law-cherishing he was, each impulse good—
Mind the long-drawn strike
When roofs flamed and riot gulped for blood,
So like our shopmate, like,
He stood aloof and thought out peacewords
To soothe contention's tone;
Better his wisdom then than broadswords—
He won that strike alone,
Turned thorns to ashes, brightness out of rust;
Fitter his broken frame to rest in rose-dust.

(This grave, workmen) Cog-clank dins no ear,
Nor shriek of iron tube;
Even as we lower this flesh case (care)
To conscious masterhood
He mounts from servitude, bearing a crown
With sacrifices pressed,
Rimming his brow-scars round with softer down
Than mists the Lily's vest.
(Harsh rattling dirt) Our eyes with salt tears seep,
Back to the soot and leave our shopmate sleep.

LOVE'S LESSON.

Too soon I found the tender light
Which lit her splendid eyes
Was made within her faithless heart,
A dynamo of lies.

I coined rare gold from out my head,
With gems I wrought complete—
Pearls, opals, sapphires, rubies red,
I heaped them at her feet.

She spurned them with her dainty boot,
My honor paid the toll;
She turned to face a new recruit
And slew another soul.

TENDER NIGHT.

When tender night has soothed my notes of sorrow
And your last words of love wake in my ear
I linger on the pathway, O beloved,
And seem to catch your welcome footsteps there;
The rose is dead that scented all the summer,
No thrilling songster wakes the gloomy grove
For winter whites the glory of the pathway
Where last I heard your whispered words of love.

The spell of summer lingers with the snowflakes,
But still my heart is weary of the cold;
Your memory warms me in the whitening silence—
I seem again to kiss those lips of gold.
You said that you were mine for aye and ever,
But love's sweet voice is silent since that day
Yet I will wait through storms until the joy comes,
Till you and summer cheer the old pathway.

A SONG OF STEEL.

Here on a throne in Labor's zone
Where grimy summits reel;
On a base of Gold which flames enfold
I rule as the God of Steel.
Out of the tomb of vanished wrong,
Womb of my sooty birth,
I leap with cries to the inky skies
Again to rule the earth.

I print the page for the warrior sage
And scrolls for the merry tar,
Who love to laugh at their autograph
Writ in the gleam of war;
My lava wells and belching hells
Affrighting the skies above
Can give of Gold a thousandfold
But never a grain of love.

And from my hand throughout the land—
Just as I did of old—
I scatter cash with lightning flash
In storms of yellow gold—
Stuff that I purge from the groaning forge,
Stamped with a human sigh;
But priceless Truth, and such forsooth,
My yellow leaves won't buy.

I HAVE TRIED TO FORGET.

I have tried to forget but the rose on the heather,

The maples that play in the winds which they love,
Lure you back to my heart with the fairest of weather

When parting we kissed on the path in the grove;
When soft grows all music I see your bright vision

And crave for a glance; but my breaking heart blame
If you hurt with your frown and your silent derision,
Yet gladly my heart speaks your beautiful name.

Every morning I bring you my love as a flower,

Each petal my heart in its weeping has wet;
I would wake once again the old love in its power—
Blame me not, I have tried to, but cannot forget.

I have tried to forget; but as long as bright roses

Shall blow in soft splendor where summer holds sway
Your face shall flash backward in all of its glory

To chase every cloud of my dark night away.
It is not that you hated and not that you hurt me—

Forgiven is all; but your voice with its thrill
I hear in my waking, and oft in my sleeping
The lips of my lost one yet cling to mine still.

THE WIND IS IN THE MAPLES.

The wind is in the maples
And there's music in the pines,
The hemlock scent has burdened all the air;
For I hear the mountains calling
Where the sun forever shines
And my feet would ever wander with you there.
O to wade among the daisies
To the thickets dusk and dim,
When birds and bees are slumbrous at the noon
Where we plucked the dogwood blossoms
And the berries from the stem,
To return by scented meadows at the moon.

Through that fair, old fashioned garden,
Thick with eglantine and rose
To the steps alive with memories of the night
Where a first kiss merged our spirits
And the oleander blows
His passion to the summer's waning light.
O the nights so cool and soothing,
O the jasper tinted day
And the sapphire golden skies, forever new,
Where I waited on the turn-pike
By the field of new-mown hay
As you drove the cows to pasture in the dew.

Thus I hear the mountains calling
In the glad notes of the pines
While the silver gleams among the maple leaves,
For I hate the murky city
With its mills and trolley lines
And the mad chase for the dollar, Dear, that grieves;
I would wander through the wildwood,
Down the old path to the mill
And list the distance taps for hands at noon
While we lunch beneath the hemlocks
At the spring that bubbles still
To return by scented meadows at the moon.

LONESOME FOR YOU.

Your face, a moving picture in the night time,
Comes with its light to ever find me blue;
And no time seems unto me just the right time—
I'm lonesome, Dear, for you.

As closer creeps the hour of your returning,
I hope to find you constant, sweet and true;
Within my breast this love though brightly burning
Is lonesome, Dear, for you.

No matter where I walk or ride, my dearest,
Though flames the sun in gold the whole day through
Great shadows fill my soul when all is clearest—
I'm lonesome, Dear, for you.

THE HARP IN THE TREES.

There is a spot by an old back porch,
A rendezvous of the breeze
Where a sad note wakes by the moon's bright torch,
From a broken harp in the trees.

It never sings in a merry tone
Nor laughs as I pass it by;
It mocks with a groan that is half a moan,
With a sob that is half a sigh.

When spectres of white droop on the bough,
Or the rain lulls in the leaves
I hear the dole of a broken vow
From the hidden harp in the trees.

AN AUTUMN SYLPH.

Celesta is taking the air to-day,
Like a sylph from the August skies;
She is robed in a sheen of Autumn green
With a glorious dare in her eyes;
Her lips that laugh are ripe and sweet
And her bearing, I say, is grand;
She seems part dream in her misty sheen
As she waves with her pretty hand.

When angels were picking a form for her
To fix for my heart a snare,
They moulded a Venus, demure and tall,
A maiden, superb and fair;
The lily blooms on her dimpling cheeks,
And her smile the nymphs defies;
There's a wavy way in her grace, I say,
And a lure in her taunting eyes.

Like a light from the sky, a laugh from the streams,
And fair as the August flowers,
Oh, such is the joy that Celesta beams
On my soul in the silent hours;
And her splendid hair is softest down,
Its touch to my cheek is bliss;
And I see in her eyes pure love arise
At the cling of my burning kiss.

THE ROSE OF LOURDES.

Sweet Bernadette: I read you through my tears,
It is my wish to see what you behold:
Vast wonder world of peace whose spirit spheres
Shed holy rays—your own a star untold.
I feel that Presence, girt in blue and gold,
Which, heaven-bright, came across your girlish eyes,
Yet soft as zephyr blown from sapphire skies—
Foot-crowned with Eglantine. Her prayers unfold
All lights of Love, whose voice is nine-choir tones,
And Beauty sceptering the Immensity
With Lily-majesty which graces Thrones;
Child, tell my heart how can this wonder be—
The Queen of Stately Presences and Power
Did come to Lourdes to kiss a little flower?

INSPIRATION.

You ask me where I get my song,
I answer you this wise:
I drink it from your warm, red lips,
I read it in your eyes.

It glows around your person, Dear,
I catch it part by part;
It thrills me in your leaping pulse,
In message from your heart.

Your eyes, your lips, your finger tips,
Your heart that knows no wrong,
Each, all together make a strain
I weave into a song.

ACADIAN ROSE.

O, not alone the beauty of those eyes
Whose tender light forever with me goes
But your bright soul adream of other skies
Fills me with rapture, fair Canadian rose.

Stranger, and yet strange; if precious days
Climbed up the East where now your fond heart flies
They were not golden as the love which plays
In sparkling tears of your mist-beaming eyes.

New Scotia has her maids and lassies bright
But not with summer bloom like heart of you,
Whose smile to me is like a spell of light
From seraph wings down—drifting from the blue.

THE SEA QUEST.

In far Acadia mists are rising,
Incrashing billows leap down the bay,
With that unrest which is not surprising,
Dearest, since you are away.

I strain to your sail's out-leaping splendor,
Salt in my eyes as the brisk wind veers;
I follow you close with a love that is tender
Amingle with grief and tears.

Free are you now from the hand that held you,
The sea-fire beacons you there afar;
I see you to-night in bright Polaris,
Remember I showed you the star.

On your foaming wake my soul is driving,
Spurred by the winds of my heart's unrest
With desire of your lips and love free given
And peace at last on your breast.

THE PASSING FACE.

I saw in the surging crowd to-day
A face like hers from a noon of play,
When she came into that meadow of daisies
Picking her way through the clover bloom,
Swinging her hat of straw in the breezes—
A song on her lips with a hopeful tune;
And the tall grass waved a welcoming
To the dainty, merry sky-made thing.
I lost my peace in the alders there,
Tangling my heart in her golden hair.

O for that face and the daisies blooming,
Again to wander through Paradise,
To hear her song in the red-topped clover
And bathe my soul in her hazel eyes.
For sweeter would be the scent, ah well,
Of pungent mint and the honey bell,
And brighter would be the flashing air
And lighter the weight on my days of care—
If, as I peer through the office glass,
That face would smile from the crowds that pass.

ELOQUENT OLD GLORY.

Liberty disrobed the violet of its hue,
The white abstracted from the lily's fold,
Purloined the secret which the red rose knew,
Tri-mingled these with dawning's brightest gold,
Then hung them high on heaven's sapphire robe
To fleck with stars, unmelted flakes of night;
And ever since Old Glory girds the globe
With rays of Red and Blue and softest White.

WHEN NITA PRAYS.

Just across the aisle from me,
Rapt in the awful mystery
Of tears and love, the Rosary,
Fair Nita kneels, her head bent low,
Bound in a twilight amber glow;

And as this whispering seraph leans,
Lisping low the Holy Name
Breathing Madonna's spotless fame
I seem to know what heaven means;

There on her cheek the Lily's bloom,
Kissed by the Censer's mild perfume;
And placid as a sapphire sky
The passive wonder of her eye.

My inner ear is all aglow,
For round about her sweetly blow
The trumpets of Angelico.

And as she by this simple trait,
The chaplet of her purity,
Recalls the Rose of Ancient Faith,
I know the Vine is near to me
When Nita says the Rosary.

THE EAGLE'S ANSWER.

Being a reply to Laureate Austin's poem on the wooing
of John Bull with his American country cousin.

I hear your song, bird Laureate,
Where rests my Eerie high;
Around me floats that flowery flag
With star-lit patch of sky;
But honor and precious virtue
Impel to hold aloof—
No eagle talon God has made
Will join with cloven hoof.

Much reason, Sir, to hesitate
In face of ancient sin;
Hard set in war my cause was right,
Where was your friendship then?
Not Freedom, John, we yielded up,
To farmers under yoke
But patriot pride in victory dealt
Your crown a crushing stroke.

On sea where shines our history—
A school-boy knows it well—
By Southern blockade running,
Elsewhere in flash of hell
Whatever vantage you could take,
A selfish end in view,
The British flag antagonized
My field of matchless hue.

Hear you the curse from laagers
For blood spilt on the veldt?
Justice is forging a vengeance
To deal you as you dealt.
My answer to your proffering
Is: I shall hold aloof
As Nature never intended
Talon to join with hoof.

IF I SHOULD DIE LOVING YOU SO.

Dearest: If I should die loving you so,
How great the pain of waiting you to come
To join me there. If spirit winds could blow
Your mist fine tears to me no dreadful hum
Of wailing hearts would fright me—that I know,
But waiting, waiting, it would pain me so.

Deep is the grief I feel when you're away,
When your soft eyes withdraw their hazel light;
If now they cheer me in the brighter day
How shall I fare when on me comes the night?
Kneel at my tomb when dusk is drifting low,
Then waiting, waiting, will not pain me so.

PERHAPS.

If she but knew how her dear self became
Part of my life she would not scorn me, though
I were to tell her with my lips aflame
How my heart burns to melt her soul of snow.

What would she say if in her lighter hours
I stole from her red lips one dear emprise
Or placed upon her heart my soul's best flowers
That I might drink of heaven from her eyes.

What would she do if my glad heart laid bare
Would thrill her through from head to finger tips;
Would she be silent in my soul's strong glare
The while I taste the glory of her lips?

THROUGH KELTIC MISTS.

I stand on rocks with Eagles,
Son of the Yankee skies;
Blow, ye sobbing Irish winds,
Mists away from my eyes.

Noise in the vaults of Thunder
Trembles the Saxon throne,
Grief in the hearts of mountains
Where Liberty is prone;
Beowulf wails his people
Tainting the sapphire deep,
Scattered the fleets of Britain
As Mars unshields to sleep.

The Saxon goes with his gods,
To die as all things die—
Mammons of Gold and Steel
False as the ancient Lie;
The toiling Gael are singing
For sake of the work they do,
Fresher the Irish hills,
Fairer the skies of blue.

Soft is the swell of ocean
With fields of gathered sail—
The busy masts of nations
In the bays of Granuaile;
The hope of life is sweeter
With the kindness of the Shee,
And undimmed the Emerald's beauty
In that light which is to be.

This do the eagles whisper,
Son of the Yankee skies;
This I saw from the Aerie
Not with a dreamer's eyes.

TO OUR LADY.

Prostrate I plead before thy bending throne,
Listen, Sweet Lily of the spotless vest,
My soul dejected cries to thee for rest
As night falls 'round me darkling. Here alone
I call; and if my plea lacks earnest tone,
Do thou supply thereunto what is best
For I have need of thee—my soul unblest
Cowers in night to pitchy darkness grown.
Thou answerest; for as I kneel the air
Vibrates with lute-strain and I seem to hear
All harmonies of music, soft and rare
As if thy voice broke rapturously near
For joy, remoulding my defective prayer
To metric harp-song, resonant and clear.

MARGARET.

She sinned; but one day as a Lily's flame
Lit up the hazel chambers of her eye,
She saw herself in deepest scarlet blame;
What good to live? There's nothing left but die.

She wept; and that heart-pouring changed a soul
From sin to white repentance, pure and new;
The Heart of Calvary became her goal—
Another rose in Christus' garden grew.

SEA WINDS.

Come to the winds and the waves
And sun-white air of the sea,
 To the dense parade
 On the esplanade
To the tumbling tide and its glee.

Here is the wind's wild touch
To freshen your burning brow;
 Bring me your smile
 And your heart's fond guile
For the tide is crouching low.

Come with your loving lips
And light of your tender eyes,
 To the breezy trips
 On the leaping ships
O'er the billows that round me rise.

There is no softer thrill
Pent in another's lips
 Here let us rove
 These arbors, love,
While the heated summer slips.

O kiss of the pulsing sea,
O chrysoprase and blue,
 Bright stars that shine
 In love's soft clime,
Are thoughts I have of you.

ADVICE TO A BEAUTY.

Those tragic books with deathless themes,
Whose mighty tales enthrall
Show us that death stalks close behind
The one defect so small.

Beware that false philosophy—
It goes with such an eye—
“Eat, Drink, be Merry,” as of old—
“One life we live, to-morrow, die.”

Fair face, fine form of wavy grace
And eyes of splendid blend
Of youth and beauty where I trace
The shadow of the end,

This word of love I send to you
I trust your heart endorses:
May Mary Mother ever guard
You from the Silent Forces.

They stroll by night, they walk by day,
In raiment as the dove;
And nature deems them lily-white
In livery of love.

But black are they that lead the way
Into the hopeless Maelstrom,
They guide your bark into the dark,
Black as the hell they came from.

But Mary Mother’s kindly smile
Lights all the happy legions—
All choiring love to her the while,
Queen of the higher regions.

Directress She of maiden hearts,
Bride of the fairest Dove,
Sweet Mother to the motherless,
Dear reservoir of Love.

WINE OF THE ROSE.

On cheek and brow the lilies dip
Elusive all the time;
From the red caskets of her lip
I drink delicious wine.

A pink rose in her pompadour,
A red one on her breast—
Placed by a worthy wooer there
And worn at his behest.

His pretty gifts to rudely crush,
Is not among my ways;
But eagerly from cheeks that blush
I gather fresh bouquets.

Like one athirst or wholly daff
At wells where beauty flows
I hold her to my heart and quaff
The Red Wine of the Rose.

EVERLASTING KELT.

Deathless they say is the Saxon,
And fadeless his helmet gleam
Though the gods he worships is takin'
His back to the utmost extreme;
In war he's an eminent failure,
In commerce he's failing to score;
He is now on the bluff and he is'nt the stuff
He was ere he tackled the Boer.

Though Ireland is poor, fair Columbia,
She is true to the race and the tongue;
And often because of those tyrannous laws
Her sons have been exiled or hung;
And whether the victim was guilty,
Innocent, blameful or not
Just let it be known he was Irish, mavrone,
He was sure to get into the pot.

But with hanging and exile and prison,
Starvation of famine and welt,
Do all they could—yet the Irish
Live on, for they can't kill the Kelt;
Oh, it's sure that the Kelt can't be kilt—
Saint Patrick has planted a bloom
That is deathless and cleaner down under and greener
That what grows on top of the tomb.

The Kelt will climb upward forever,
The Shamrock's assurance for that;
He is always a building of churches
To show where the soul of him 's at;
And his steeples point into the heavens
From hill-top and valley and veldt;
Oh the saying is old and the saying is bold:
You may try but you can't kill the Kelt.

DANGER.

Most statuesque and fair,
Eclipsing all the rest,
A pink rose in her hair,
 A red one on her breast
She stood a queenly girl,
 Most dazzling to the sight—
I knew my heart in peril
 From this—demure and white.

SUMMER GLOW.

(On a Post Card.)

This scene I send has summer glow,
Dear one, like heart of you;
And beauty shines above, below,
Dear one, with smile of you;
And all the air is free from care
As is the soul of you;
And in these skies I see the eyes,
Dear one, the eyes of you.

THAT ANCIENT NIGHT.

The first Throne was a Manger,
With Royal Babe and Maid,
Where Frankincense and Myrrh were brought
By seers who knelt and prayed.

The King's robe was a swaddling sheet;
His palace, stable dim;
While sorrow wreathed his Mother's brow.
And Thorns were promised Him.

And ever since that Ancient Night,
Each soul must welcome tears,
For Love was garlanded with Thorns
And Her heart pierced with spears.

LOVE MOST HOLY.

Angel in the spacy vault
Lower thy lifted wing,
Wash me clean of earthly fault
In Christus' bloody spring;
Flash thy helmet on my heart
To light my soul to sing—
Bright plumage girds thy form of might,
So golden is thy wing.

Abyss calls unto abyss:
Behold the Heart Divine,
Flame of love which lights the world,
O, to be mine—I thine;
Enter thou my rifted heart
Its darkest chambers shine,
That I may chant in glory
O Christ, thy Heart Divine.

Depths and heights, all distances,
Do hail his Sacred Heart;
Dip, ye winds that charge the cloud,
And voids where star-domes part;
Ye spinning spheres in seas of blue
Whose twisting centres start;
Leap up, ye deeps; come down, ye heights,
And praise his Sacred Heart.

HER DEAR PROFILE.

To her whose smile like softest gold light lingers
In my heart's gloom, firing its dark retreat;
Whose voice is like a harp with fairy fingers,
Maiden so sweet:
How sweet to dwell upon your moods and shiftings,
Soft shadows, sunshine, sweeter all the while,
How sweet to watch those eyes' demure upliftings—
But sweeter still to trace that dear profile,
That fine profile and face of graceful curving
So fitted to your moral strength, so meet
To tell of that young will so firm, unswerving—
Maiden so strong and sweet.

THE OLD BACK GATE.

Such summer there never was
And better may be our fate,
Such risks to run for the eyes of one,
Climbing the old back gate.

By the rim of the pebbled drive,
At dusk when the shadows fell,
I saw her most fair in the garden there
As she plucked the rose to smell.

Most sweet is the bloom of the rose—
To the rose this maiden was mate;
But time has fled and the rose is dead
And gone is the old back gate.

BRIDE OF THE STORM.

At eve I list while shadows drift
And night comes on the sea;
When 'ware bells toll then o'er my soul
Rosemond, come dreams of thee,
Unleashed in play the sea-hounds bay
And lightning gleams on the lea,
The black sky whines on snapping pines—
Then dreams my heart of thee, Rosemond,
Then dreams my soul of thee.

She comes when ocean whelps uplift
Their snarls across the main,
While the far lagoon with deep bassoon
Sings to his bride, the rain;
And the foam steeds lash and wildly dash
On the whiter slopes of the sea—
Then ever thy face with me abides,
Fond heart, I dream of thee,
Rosemond, I dream of thee.

And every night when breakers smite
Their laughter on the shore
I lift the latch of my storm-rocked thatch,
I lift it o'er and o'er;
For she loved the sea's mad symphonies
And diapason's din,
When the echoing sea calls out to me
I leave its music in—
For the song of the deep is of lost Rosemond,
I leave the wild notes in.

THAN APOLLO FAIRER.

What though love's flower is dead this Holy Eve,
Love burns afresh as with a secret fire,
Love's theme is lilted by an angel choir
And night bends low beneath a holly wreath.

Behold sweet June no casket here unlocks,
A great white splendor on a manger shines,
A royal wing the winter starlight climbs
And regal symphonies awake the flocks.

There over all that Heralder of Love,
Bright star with error dying in its beams;
And still adown the centuries it gleams
Fairer than thine Apollo, lofty Jove.

CREDO.

By the light of the grand old Credo
 His bleeding feet I track
To the hills of the skulls hard-bearing
 Ths Cross on His swaying back;
And I feel that I stood there scoffing,
 Making His wounds re-bleed—
Still He whispers adown the ages:
 “I break not the bruised reed.”

And my soul in the Hill-top's anguish
 Is strong by an inner light
To grapple with self in the darkness
 Absorbing the Man-God's might;
I welcome His cross to my spirit,
 I reach for the thorny crown,
Believing the Hero of Calvary
 Waits in the light for His own.

THE FUNERAL TRAIN.

(On the Death of President McKinley.)

Under sad September skies,
Pilloved in flowers the Martyr lies.

Stunned by the Nation's sudden blow,
With steady sob and piston slow
The Black Steed steams through ranks of woe,
Out from the gates of Buffalo.

Dawn; and along the Keystone track
The homes of men are draped in black.

Through lines of grief the dark cars run,
In shimmering valleys, on and on,
To tears and flowers at set of sun
Neath the Great White Dome at Washington.

Home, home again, through busy marts,
To Native fields and Buckeye hearts.

May we his good example prize
And may our hearts his words invest;
Still as his broken body lies
We pray his soul has come to rest.

ALONG THE PINES.

Adown a lonesome path amid the Pines
Dreaming I went; beside me walked a maid;
The moonlight slanted through his silver lines
While wooing winds with her dark tresses played.
Silent it was—except the pine trees' lute
Waked by the breeze broke softest minstrelsy;
For one short moment, wondering, I stood mute
Charmed by the lightness of that lullaby.

Then comes a change—amid some wind-stirred roses,
Slow rising in the distance, fair and bright,
One spirit sylph against the bloom reposes,
Weaving a softer halo for the night;
And as she flashed those eyes of tender blue,
Waking, dear wife, what I beheld was you.

ROBERT EMMET.

He hated hands red-forging rims of steel
For human wrists to wear—aye, hated sore;
Rather for him the fettered grave, and more,
 He scorned that fierce injustice robed in seal
And ermine that his sentence passed—would feel
 Sharp sabre cut, and see the trickling gore
Slip down its blade—would feel his heart out-pour
 Its arteries still warm with Ireland's weal—
This his undoing; but around his head,
 Ere Erin wrapped him in her bleeding sod,
Circled the martyr symbol as he bled,
 High-scrolling him in chivalry of God.

THE OLD PARK SEAT.

Your face is ever with me
For I see it in the glass
That glistens in the moonlight
And dances on the grass;
I see you in the flowers,
Hear you in the laughing leaves,
List your footsteps on the gravel
In the moon-shade of the trees.

At the bench I clasp your fingers,
List your scolding for awhile,
Wipe the tears from off your eye lids,
Kiss your lips until they smile;
Here again I live life over,
In the joy I would repeat
As I put my arms around you
On the old park seat.

In the glory of the star-light
I can see your darling face;
In the flashings of the park lights
Your splendid form I trace;
And no nights so sweet and tender
Ever were I will repeat
Than the ones we spent together
On the old park seat.

ADMIRAL SCHLEY.

Whirlwinds of praise are blown from lip to lip,
Great Hero of the deep with lion heart;

Fear not; the nation knows you did your part
And loves you still as when the last big ship
Of Spain bemoaned its loss of iron ribs,

When you pulled down its rag in far Caribs.
What more, if Dewey says you did it well?

The people know he knows who trod that deck

Whose fiery helmet gleamed in flash of hell,
Whose feet walked safely through that iron wreck.

Desk heroes, those who hate you, turned a trick

For their dark leader—What's his name, Oh well,
'Tis he who leads the navy's unclean clique;

What shameless evils follow, who may tell.

LESTINE.

Soft as zephyrs from sapphire seas and skies,
Light robed in night mist, comes the bright Lestine,
With star-gleams glinting through her half-closed eyes,
The air of childhood in her maiden mien
Filling the heart with wonder. In her hair
A flash of daisies by a low breeze stirred.
She speaks and lo, it seems that nymphs ungird
Soft symphonies, and all the night is fair
That once again love grows incarnate here
To whisper old songs to the summer leaves;
Her perfect charms have glow of sweetest days,
Pearl-pure her soul alight with virtue's blaze;
But mortal like I laud; her spirit grieves
Then fades aloft through heaven's moon-bright haze.

MEMORIES.

Night is wrapped in a silence
And hushed is the noisy street,
But I hear the sound of your voice love,
With its cadence, low and sweet;
And my heart warms up with feeling
For the absent, leal and true,
And the song of the breeze
In the poplar trees
Is a strain it sings of you.

Of you in the dear old pathway
In that beloved clime
With sweetness of love and life and rest
In a far off summertime.
You brighten my dreams as you used to do
As the voice of your heart rings true;
Be with me to-night and stay I pray
For my soul is aweary for you.

THE SEA CALL.

Through painful years mine eyes have yearned
To look upon your face;
I sometimes wonder where and when
That dear profile I'll trace;
I drawed your picture on a pad,
You burned it on my heart,
So I have not forgot you, Dear,
Your smile cannot depart.

I seem to see you through a haze
That from the waves at morning rise—
A lovely face with sadder gaze
Holds still my soul no gladder prize;
I do believe you loved me then
When up the beach we walked that day
Recalled old times and watched the glow
Of wave-tossed ocean far away.

The sea calls to us once again
And my lone heart unceasing craves
To meet you in the sandy dips
Along the gray shore by the waves;
There I will give you heart for heart,
A foretaste of our paradise,
And I will draw that sweet profile
And look again into your eyes.

TO A GIRL IN BLACK.

Though robes of dusk envelope your lithe form
Of limnered beauty in back-ground of night
A vision still you move amid the storm—
Black, elemental, with a face of light.

SEPTEMBER.

A flash of yellow on empurpled fields,
Low hanging hazes just above the wood,
Some lazy flossy down the thistle yields,
Mixed with the richness of the Goldenrod.

THOMAS a' KEMPIS.

I never take in hand his holy book
Or random glance bestow in manner free
But special lessons speak direct to me—
It matters not whereon the page I look.
The themes are God, His wondrous majesty,
The nothingness of man and worldly life;
By practice one discerns that Love will free
By abnegating self though great the strife;
The heaven inspired ambitions of the soul
Ignoring Christ will stumble with the clod,
But let the Will be centered in the whole
On feet of song the Human mounts to God
Where Mercy bending softly lowers her bars:
“Enter, tired sheep, my pastures of the stars.”

SHAMROCK AND GOLDENROD.

Once more the Irish under skies of March
With rank impressive and the lilting pipe
Uncover heads while willing hands entwine
Together harps of gold and bays of stripe.

Once more the joyful song-thrush lifts her note,
That woodland wonder of a knightlier dell;
Once more the red-breast tunes melodious throat
To join with Patrick's songster in the spell.

Once more Columbian zephyrs softly blow
On Keltic courage knowing not decline;
Lo, all their helmets shimmering splendors throw,
Their feasts, Niagaras of wit and wine.

The sufferings of Eld this day unite
A stronger Ireland under brighter skies;
Though still the Saxon plunders in his might
He shapes his doom and all that it implies.

When Freedom saw her pits reel with the charge—
Her blood-bedraggled banner down in front—
“On Meagher, On,” she cried and at the marge
Of Death the Sun-burst met that tempest's brunt.

Dear Ireland, grieving, thinks of other years
When misery high-heaping cast a blight;
Though sorrow wrings from some eyes blinding tears,
The Keltic sword still flashes bold and bright.

But peace to you this day, O Irish hearts,
Clients of Patrick, reverent the name,
Peace to your island, and all other parts,
Which wreath his symbols with our nation's fame.

Because you pin a shamrock to our blue,
To deck this morn Columbia's pretty breast,
This spray of goldenrod I humbly strew
To help the list of song ere rings the jest.

DAWN RADIANT.

Brightest face of dawn in jasper softness beaming,
Where waking day in ruddy robes is streaming,
While darkness with the last star flees;
Arising stately where the night reposes
She scatters orchid tints with fairest roses
Sifting dust of sapphires through the trees.

Bright face, and tender tresses waving
Smile on my soul your peace and light;
And daily let your beams, my heart enslaving,
Speak of my Father's love and no more night.

LISDOONVARNA.

(A watering place in County Clare, Ireland.)

Softly low like lisp of dreams
Came lullabies from Irish streams,
As over bog and moorland far,
In lazy lurch of jaunting car,
I smelled the salt sea's smarting whiffs
And heard the soothing songs of cliffs.

By restful lines of broad, deep loughs
Dawn's step is bright on tinted mountains,
Through sunbright hills the bird-sweet rills
Chase merrily from Una's fountains;
The fairy touch is everywhere
At Lisdoonvarna in happy Clare.

Lisdoonvarna in happy Clare,
Reposeful spot whose skies are fair;
On moor and mere serene and clear
A rich soft day is gleaming here;
Mannanan shouts from sun-scorched rocks
To wind-clad maids that herd his flocks.

Deep emerald sheens of fields and trees
Which shun the smut of industries,
A restfulness of wind and peak
Say: "God is here, beloved speak;
Tired heart, come rest and bury care,
At Lisdoonvarna, in happy Clare."

FACES AT THE CRIB.

At the Crib on Christmas morning
Where a thousand candles burn
Come the little children kneeling
In the chancel, aisle and nave;
Holly branch and bits of woodland
Greet the eye at every turn
While the heart of childhood brightens
As it bows to kiss the Babe.

Young hearts full of joy and wonder,
(Gifts no fairer brought the seers)
May no sin be done to sunder
Them from Him who came to save;
See ye elders, what a lesson,
Read the little children's tears
May they meet Him in the sun-land
There for aye to kiss the Babe.

FATHER MATHEW.

Rare old hero, heaven's anointed priest
With soul of steel and yet with gentle hand—
When hope blazed like a mirage in the East
With Freedom's semblance on a blighted land
There by lean Poverty you took a stand
To bear the burdens of your treasured Poor
And bound up Erin's wounds with healing band
Saving her life by that good water cure.

Spirit most valiant, by great battles tried,
Who follows you a holy path he treads,
He walks not by the place of flower beds
But through lone lanes where Grief and Love abide;
Your good example made a nation stride
To Peace with grateful hearts and sober heads.

THE DEATHLESS DEAD.

I have tried to forget you but ever at night
In the hour when the world is asleep
Come faces of beauty I loved when a boy,
They rise in the mists of the deep;
There is one in the pale silent glow of the night,
One I lost; and my breaking heart blame
If she comes as she used to—exulting my sight—
While I catch myself lisping your name.

In the tramp of the hours when the world is awake
There a thousand fair faces unfold
On the crest of that throng which is mad in its break
To the chase—that pollutes it—for gold;
There is not a gay laugh in the surge that heaves by,
Choking memory back as I do,
But drifts like a spray to a far summer sky
For everything bright speaks of you.

There is not a glad blossom that freshens the heath,
Nor the note of a bird that has tune,
But recalls all you were when we parted, my sweet,
In the rose-laced arbors of June;
If I steal then at dawn to your eglantine bower,
Or at night with its crowning of jet,
It is but to feel the old love in its power,
Which I try to—but cannot—forget.

ASHES OF ROSES.

Lestine, remember we walked together
When nights were soft and the moon was low,
Hand in hand through gardens of roses,
And spoke our hearts in the twilight's glow.

Filled was your soul with voices of beauty—
All singing of love where summers depart,
It seemed as if flowers were blooming forever,
And angels might learn from the themes of your heart.

What praises you whispered to white-thorn blossoms,
To ivy-wreathed palaces shading the lawn,
To Dian's pale frolic in sapphire and silver,
How flushed was your cheek, like a scarlet dawn.

Which shall be first to sleep on the hillside?
If you, I'll bear petals to whiten your bed;
Silent and tenderly, spring and the summertide
Over your slumber their fragrance will shed.

You love me, Sweet? When the angel opens
The hearts of men explaining their fates
I trust you will come, like the queen that you are, Dear,
To crown me your king at the purple gates.

Then I'll clasp to my bosom the promise of ages
Where suns upon systems flash their light
While we list to the luting of Israfel's story—
The love which we told to the stars and night.

MARIE NARELLE.

Over the sea she came
Singing the songs of Eire,
 From far lands
 With garlands
Wreathed in her midnight hair;
 Her eyes agleam
 With beauty's beam
She faced the waiting throng;
 Her voice had trills
 Of the silver rills
That sing for aye in the Irish hills,
 In the ancient land of song.

Sang to the Keltic soul
Wooing it out of dreams
 Bidding it come
 To its fairy home
Near music of Irish streams;
 Or where the Gael
 In snow-white sail
Circles a deathless sea;
 She sang glad songs,
 She sang sad songs
And oft through her tears she sang mad songs—
 Mad songs to the heart of me.

Shall we forget that Voice,
Or Maid from the land of Eire?
 With face from a dream
 Like Dark Rosaleen
And night in her queenly hair;
 And again hope lifts
 Through the Irish rifts
On Dawn's exultant throng;
 But the singer that came
 With heart aflame
Has gone o'er the sea with a deathless name,
 To the ancient land of Song.

DOUBTFUL.

I see through the trees where a sylph reposes
In flowery odors the wind disposes—
A flash of pink in the wind-tossed roses,
Dear old sweetheart mine.

Does she remember the planet blazes,
The mystical scent from the hemlock mazes,
Or the sough of the sighing pine?
Or the promise she made in the maple glade
In the days of auld lang syne?

THE MINISTRY OF WINGS.

They say across the lonesome sky
 Ever on Christmas Eve
Winged files of angel legions fly,
 A million thrones they leave,
By planet paths, past startled stars
 To celebrate His Birth
Where poverty and wretchedness
 Darken the homes of earth.

O night watch of the little ones
 Where tattered stockings bring
The meanest gifts of Santa Claus
 In honor of the King;
But more pathetic yet and sad
 Are rooms of deeper woe
Where stockings are not hung in line
 And young hearts hopeless go.

They say the prayers of little folk—
 Like buds of new-born hours—
Are changed by touch of Seraphim
 Into the fairest flowers
Which grow with Roses' passion
 Into Life's gifts to be,
To twine in fadeless beauty
 On Heaven's Christmas Tree.

THE POET-POPE, LEO XIII.

Lo, Leo leads, peace-caroling from the night,
As Faith upwings, like minstrel of the morn,
From lofts fair-blossoming with dewy light,
Lilting her scale-craft to the bending dawn,
Where trains of vestals at Day's purple seat
Chase Ogre Night, with lightning-nimble feet.

He stoops to pick the wild rose in his path,
The olive leaf and daisy's starry crown,
The woodbine and all other reed which hath
Bright tint or form of hope, to all men known—
These bunched and trimmed, an artful shape assume
Of Virgil elegance, with rare perfume.

As golden sandaled walks the flushing day,
Clear-clarioned Faith her strains of joy release,
He with soft accents calls to those who stray
That in the hour of need, abundant fleece
Might clothe the soul in softest lily-white,
That lambs be safely folded ere the night.

I kneel below the limnered Leo's form
Distinctly pictured on the purple peaks;
He leans on Peter's staff and Christus' arm,
While deathless Truth from out his spirit speaks.

Pale, watchful Pastor of the Master's sheep,
Industrious to weed the smiling slope,
A troubled globe's dark fears would lull to sleep
And pierce the midnight with the shaft of hope;
He warns, he prunes, he turns the stubborn soil,
He lifts the feet of lead for those who toil.

Then as the light of Faith flares on the world
Sun-flashing sanctity about the fleece,
This great White Shepherd, mounting, Love unfurls,
Still caroling the Angels' song of Peace.

SAVONAROLA.

Under the damask roses at Saint Mark's
His eye prophetic saw the rope and fire,
The smoke of flesh upcurling in the sparks—
At sight of these flinched not the daring Friar.

Sound precepts taught he; all his works were good,
Save disobedience which than crime was worse—
Submission vowed he when he took the hood,
So headstrong child, the Arno was thy hearse.

But which the great crime, which the deed of dire?
Go ask the haven where his soul reposes.
Martyr, prophet-priest and patriot prior,
Still flames thy blood upon the damask roses.

LEO SLEEPS.

Rest came as to an infant tired with play,
Most calm and sweet. Sublimer the repose
Of Leo than of other kings whose sway
Left marks of blood; for vitrue's shining snows,

Falling through busy years did him invest
With reverent distinction—such as grows
Upon the eye when, looking down the west,
It sees one sun-lit peak out-soar the rest.

A lion he, but lamb steadfastly mild;
Fearless and patient through the harried years;
How worn he must have been. His love endears
Him to the world; that bier with honors piled
Has still a place for our deep grief, our tears.
Sleep on, tired Leo, even as a child.

'TRAILING ARBUTUS.

Were I that pink Arbutus bud
 Celest holds to her lips
Where rich, red pomegranate flows,
 I'd drink in little sips.

I put pale garlands in her hair
 When the pines, like soft guitars,
Lispèd lullabies to drowsy trees,
 One May night under the stars.

One May night under the stars,
 When the candles of Venus were bright
Celest remembers the vine was green,
 The blossoms were pink and white;
Like a sylvan queen from a Wagner dream
 She plighted to never depart,
The light of her eyes were as planets' rise,
 Star-weft was my soul to her heart,

Star-tangled my heart with her heart,
 But Celest and the plighting were false;
So twenty golden summers have gone
 And I see her to-night in the waltz—
The same sylph maid of a Northern glade
 Where the pines' soft harmonies
Lulled us to rest on the mosses' breast,
 Under the stars and trees—

Under the stars and trees,
 This is her wedding night;
But she wears that bloom with its rich perfume,
 The blossoms are pink and white;
My lone heart trips where a star-gleam slips
 Through the pines whose soft guitars
Weep at a bed where Love lies dead,
 This May night under the stars.

UNDER THE PINE BOUGHS.

Under the pine boughs, Lisabel,
Under the beacon lights of May,
Two lovers rocked in a twilight swell,
In the hull of a cloud they sailed away
Over the far line of the sky
Where beauty's commerce ever ply
And one was lost in the twilight swell
Under the pine boughs, Lisabel.

In far Bermuda, Lisabel,
We met again, the salt breeze blew;
You stooped and in your dainty hand
Picked up the shell which waters strew;
And pressed against your drowsy ear
The many-tinted, sighing shell,
But the pine boughs moaned instead of the mere
Your broken troth, fair Lisabel.

Under the pine boughs, Lisabel,
By the creeping, pink arbutus
I look again for the twilight swell
And a lone lagoon to suit us;
I smell the wild rose on the moss
Where once that dear foot pressed—ah, well,
The fairest face I knew and lost
Was under the pine boughs, Lisabel.

MUNKACSY'S MADNESS.

“Great is Munkacsy,” shall the world declare
When I have incarnated Christus’ face
With form and tint of Pity’s majesty;
Velasquez,—Jones, Hunt, Guido nor Rembrandt
With me shall top enshrined, Holy Art.”

Thus spake the famous Michael to himself,
Pondering an illuminated face
With aptest touch of skill laid on the cloth,
Where he conceived a Saviour unsurpassed
Who showers a melting pity, poised
Above the multitude, with looks of love.

So burned Munkacsy with his soul’s concept,
Which if by some strange miracle of paint
Had been transfigured on the anxious square,
Well might the world shout: “Verily, a Masterpiece.”

Against the natural edict, measured work,
The artist wrought, slow-wrecking nightly rest;
He slept not, nor did eat as life demands,
Sure-fetching from the hours the lease of death;
Long thus he labored on his priceless dream,
Going about the street by day he searched
For one whose load of grief the canvas begged—
That Christus, through Munkacsy, might again
The Lesson speak unto forgetting men.

And finding some grave face amid the crowd
Suiting his purpose, the mad artist grabbed
The fear stricken wayfarer, him strongly urged
With threats, or money, to the studio.
Oft did the model sit, brow bent in fear
When the quick hand of Michael worked the brush
With nervous touchings, glaring eyes the while;
Or days and nights locked tightly in his room,
Refusing food in Frenzy's hurried push,
He scolded loudly at his wife's wan face.

Had he but worked like fond Angelico
Whose votive fastings in the silent cell
Precursed those Seraph Trumpets golden-robed;
Then too Munkacsy might have felt soft wings
His spirit soothe, his brow wind-sweep
With rose bank odors, gales from isles of spice;
And thus the cowled master angels drawed,
And with rapt eyes, knelt down as he beheld
Winged Trumpeters grow luminous on the cloth.

But on Munkacsy flamed with inward fire
Burning his intellect into a crisp;

For forty days he painted and destroyed,
No model found that bore celestial print
His mind's ideal; till at last his brain
Pregnant with rupture, bore a child of art
So like his own emaciated face—
An offspring judged by standards that are fair,
Had better stayed unborn.

Munkacsy smiled

And gazed with admiration on his work.

“And now,” said he, “to crown immortal art,
I place my name unto this miracle.”

With one, quick trembling movement of the brush,
In right hand corner of the canvas, low,
He wrote illegibly a scrawling sign,
Then backward reeled.

A wild mad laugh outbroke
As fell the rending bolt—most noiseless it,
But catapultic. From the shivered eyes
Whose retinas revolting, quick confused
Prismatic colors into jumbling tints,
Sane sight departed. The well-managed will,
In great disorder now, black conflict raged
With faculties once peaceful.

From the mind
Out-fled all impulse for concerted act—
A light divine had converged on the prism,
Freeing the diamond in a puff of smoke.

And by false habits, what the artist wrought
Unloosed the snarling horrors kenneled close
To intellects high-born.

In madness ending
Michael gave reason for his masterpiece.

LOVE ELUDES.

I saw her pass me in a crowd—
'Twas just a glimpse of golden hair,
A glance, a smile; and I allowed
The face was most uncommon fair.
The days went by and soon again
I met her close; but my surprise
Was bitter, for at nearer ken
The face was common, so the eyes.

Sighs still my heart for distant love
That lures to shadows far away;
And when I trap the tender dove
No fare I spread can make it stay.
How can you blame the doubting heart
To sneer at love's old mystery
When from the lips her thrills depart
With murmurs of the Yet To Be.

In sweet songs of the Yet To Be
The lone heart bends to visions fair,
To palm-enchanted groves where she
Sings at the tomb of buried care;
But at the feet are desert sands,
Hot-burning ever—so I say
Love's fairest lie but lures to lands
Mirage-enchanted far away.

EVER THE DREAM.

Ever the dream at night when falls the snow
Like down from riven wing,
Or wind-struck blossoms swept from boughs of May
Flecking the robe of spring;
Soft speeding messengers of knightlier hours
Beating against the panes
You bring to me the wild-crab's fragrant flowers
From violet-sprinkled lanes.

Love's magic wafts a presence to my room
With scent of mignonette,
Sprayed in her hair some pink arbutus bloom,
And eyes of melting jet;
Lisette, your hand is soft, like long ago,
Come, sweetheart, here we two;
These flakes are precious, and though cold the snow
It makes me long for you.

I linger in the cadence of your voice
As fancy feeds its fire;
My soul re-blossoms as our lips rejoice
In roses' pure desire;
That damask bloom becomes your girlish cheek,
And quickens this heart's dead theme;
Though sorrow's snow may heap the drifting years,
You warm me with the dream.

LOVE'S CROWN.

Two shadows fall aslant the Tomb's rock gate;
With John supporting, Sorrow's Queen appears;
Judean violets bend with dew-bright tears
While in Her breast all griefs accumulate.
Still loth is She to go while Death hold state
On the Tomb's Tenant shorn of Human years,
And the gruff Gaul helmeted in fears
Keeps watch, slow paced, not speaking to his mate;
And Mary's heart unmoved by earthly hopes
Bears such a burden woman never bore—
She presses to Her lips some blood-stained Ropes
That crowned Him—kisses them o'er and o'er,
Then droopingly up Joseph's lily slopes
She goes, tight-clutching still the Thorns that tore.

SAINT PAUL'S NEW CATHEDRAL.

(Pittsburg.)

White saints, like gems, enrich her stony girdle
Where as a bride she stands
In silent mood, imparting benedictions
From her uplifted hands.

Each martyr tells a tale of humble triumph
From lips of chiseled stone,
Each voicing that most fascinating Friendship—
The bond of Blood alone.

Head bowed we enter Art's enduring temple
And check the mind's surprise—
All silence, like a dawn-hush or the dusk-time
In the Infinite quiet Skies.

The soul is thrilled to most aesthetic sensing
By way of mental trick;
Each lesson radiates from the blazing gospel
In vivid rhetoric.

In strong relief the story of the Passion,
That Way of Agony,
Is told in heart-breaks till the Roman soldiers
Fast nail Him to the Tree.

All symbols speak along the painted windows
The glory of His Bonds;
While to the left the eye is moved to Pity
Where Christus bleeds in Bronze.

In white Carrara flames each misted altar,
While strings of incense drift
Around the snow-robed priest whose low words falter
Before the Eucharist.

All hearts are reverent at the Elevation;
Sweet Pentecostal boast—
The multitude is One in adoration
Of the uplifted Host.

And all the air is tremulous with spirit,
The presence of the Dove,
While each rapt inward ear in silence catches
God's Symphony of Love.

Spires of the New, with heavenward pointing fingers,
Whose face outshines the Old,
Lift up your pencils, write sublimer triumphs
Upon your page of Gold.

THE KELT.

Wherever Greed enwarpes the Land
And puts in chains the mart
The Kelt retains his open hand,
Retains his open heart;
Still while the groping nations crawl
Like moles without a light
No Castle sir, nor Sky-scraper
Can swerve his soul from right.

TO A SISTER OF CHARITY.

Fine-faced Marie, so simply sweet,
An ecstacy beneath the shadows,
For childhood's heart your smile is meet
As flit of sun across the meadows;
Your heart dream burns beyond the skies,
Bright soul of snow, with lifted eyes.

A shoreless sea of Love is He,
Your Groom is most divinely fair:
While sin entralls weak are my calls
To win an answering echo there.
When your soft eyes light all that lea,
Remember, Sweet, to pray for me.

ONE EASTER IN LONDON.

Candles are lit in big Saint Paul's,
The Canon in robes of white
Chants Peace while vaulted voices lift
With the Easter's rifting light.

A Primrose for thee, O Saxon Queen,
A Shamrock for the Kelt,
But mausers for maids and mothers afar
Where blood runs deep on the Veldt.

WITH A COPY OF BROWNING.

Because your heart is very whiteness laced
And interlaced, with Virtue's stoutest thong,
Eupheme: I send this tribute to your taste,
Browning, pearl-laden from the deeps of song.

MY GAELIC SWEETHEART.

(To Emma MacLeod, in Memory of the Irish Renaissance.)

Shining with hope her eyes,
Clear as the break of skies,
Robed in a beauty that never can fail;
Grace in the walk of her,
Music the talk of her,
Comes she white-footing the green of the vale;
And over her flushing
Gold sunbeams are rushing
As welcome we give her, that angels intone,
And her voice softly trills
On the heathering hills
While gladly she calls for the Gael to come home.

Behold her up-binding
Disheveled locks, winding
That circlet of splendor torn from her by fate;
But oh, in the eyes of her,
(Sweet the surprise of her)
Shines the old majesty marking her state.
Long was she weeping
Her dark vigil keeping
At tombs of the holy while Justice lay prone
Awaking from sleeping
He stills her sad weeping
As softly she calls for the Gael to come home.

Thy notes are entralling,
O fond heart, keep calling;
'Tis music to me as I look on the wave,
On the sand and the brine
Through the golden sun-shine
While I sigh for the sea and its bright chrysoprase;
My vision still lingers
On harpers and singers.
Who beckon me over the far, sapphire zone,
And a mystery sings
In the watery rings
For my heart hears the call for the Gael to come home.

A DAMASK ROSE.

No glows which sun-goings shed
Nor dawn flash that fires the mead with rose-flush
Equals her cheeks' soft blush
Nor the cardinalesque tints of her lips' rich red.

God made her thus to love;
He choosed two trembling shadows from the dark,
For eyes, and each a spark
Caught from the twinkling midnight's treasure trove.

WHEN SHADOWS CREEP.

Steadily are the shadows creeping
On the landscape of my brain,
And the tears I long have gathered
Now are falling as the rain;
Though I live amid the laughter,
I find pleasure when I weep—
Do you think of me, my schoolmate,
When the dusk begins to creep?

Wearily have I plodded onward
Through the darkness of the night,
While weak natures make the shadows,
Tender love creates the light;
We have wandered oft together
Where the wild June roses sleep,
And I love you still, my schoolmate,
As the dusk begins to creep.

In the afternoons, o'er hill-tops,
Where the pink arbutus bloomed,
Side by side we told the story
Of two hearts by love consumed;
But the pink arbutus withered
Where the wild June roses sleep;
May the angels hover round you
When the dusk begins to creep.

THE PEDAGOGUE.

Great Stream of Life, thou hast a tributary,
A bubbling, babbling, little silver stream
Through wildest woods or pleasant valleys flowing;
And on its bosom falls a golden gleam.

We teachers, all, are boatmen onward rowing
Through vales and caves to life's great common stream,
Despite the mists our weary course beclouding
Above us floats in beauty, duty's gleam.

Our boat, the school—the children are the cargo,
Whose young eyes drink those summits high in air;
For them the way is dream and castle-building,
For us the labor, toil and watchful care.

In manner thus their hearts are ever leaping
Through vales and glens created in their brain—
Unconscious of the struggle, unforseeing
The many falls which must those heights attain.

And often down this tributary riding
We stick on bottom every here and there,
On sand or rock—perhaps a little pebble
Will make us ply the oft-used oar of care.

We know the school-room sometimes is a treadmill,
A trade, profession, step-stone, prison room,
In whose dark precincts pleasure is a stranger,
On whose cold walls oft hangs a mournful gloom.

Upon our every side we find our troubles—
The petty, tardy twistings of the stream;
But 'round us float those white inviting splendors—
The motives that make life a Golden Gleam.

THE CHILDREN.

Why are we rapt with the light of stars
And wish to roam the studded skies
When heaven itself lets down the bars
And gives us the light of children's eyes—
Pure rays of love like planets' rise
With mysteries of the heavenly sea;
And ever my joys unbounded rise
When children climb upon my knee.

When children climb upon my knee
And say their candid words of love;
For with the single heart they see
And with a single mind they move.
How bright their eyes, how red their cheeks;
In happy hearted innocence
They tell their little pleasures o'er
So eloquent without pretense.

The ways are hard for little feet—
Sin's brambles grow on every side
To scratch and tear; oh think it meet
To clear the path, whate'er betide.
No light so clear to wayward man,
No star-gleam fairer in the skies,
No bright effulgence ever can
Compare with love in children's eyes.

L OF C

THE CLEARFIELD HILLS.

Proud are these peaks to wake in might
 Of splendor in the morning light;
Here broken beauty downward spills
 Across green palaces of hills;
The honey-suckle haunts are near,
 Come wander, love, with me awhile
To taste the sugar-maple's tear
 Or pick the pine-cone's spiney file.

Stray where the mountain pink awakes,
 Or purple huckle-berry shakes
His diamond spheres of shiny blue,
 Where yellow gorse in frost bed grew,
Where ruby checkerberries stain
 Thine hands which have the lily glow;
Come, hear the wild geese chant refrain—
 All joys to fill thy soul of snow.

On yonder slant are flossy sheep;
 In scrubby pine they browse the steep;
We trace them by their little bells'
 Low tinkle through the upland dells;
Thine eye longs for that patch of foam
 That sparkles near thy ocean home;
For water plains and moorland lea
 And sun-flash on the crumpled sea.

Dense mist envelopes yonder spur
And dulls the pompy eagle's whir;
The wood-tribe try their tuneful craft
The fisher dips from raft to raft;
Yon lazy loon abreast of breeze
Dreams not of toil in homes of bees;
But sweeter yet than reed or thong
The meadow-lark's warm weather song.

The catkins' dangling steeple tops
Sport with the wind the whole day through
There sleeps a field of splatterdock
There grates the hidden musk-rat crew,
A million bugs on tiny sea
Oft in childhood halted me,
And bull-frog plunging from his steep
Hides in his many-circled deep.

Here is a road of creeping light
Where mountain cat has waked the night;
Just near yon thick woods' dusky brink
We pass the lick where wild deer drink;
And turning on the long way down
Behold again the Elk spur crown,
And listen to the noisy pomp
Of Yankee singers in the swamp.

And here we part till other hours
 Give back to us the wildwood flowers :
Thou to thy salty atmosphere
 To stray again across the mere ;
I to hail of hammer-stroke,
 Beneath the black arcades of smoke ;
But youth and love depart too soon
 From hills that hang with locust bloom.

THE PENNSYLVANIA BUCKTAIL.

Strange name for a man who followed the flag,
None braver faced foeman on victory's field;
With fang of the mountain-cat hissing from crag,
With fibre of granite each sinew was steeled;
He went from the Hills when his country was stuck—
To distinguish from others, wore a tail of a Buck.

To his war cry of terror the mountains made answer—
'Twas a singular note, this scream of the panther.

The plume of Navarre was no finer than that
Which the lanky young woodsman wore up in his hat;
With eye of the eagle locating his prey,
The Blue of the Hills swooped down on the Grey;
With speed of the deer of his own native woods,
He told Uncle Sam he'd deliver the goods—
That his blood, which under the Hemlocks he swore
In defense of the flag he would willingly pour.

He did; when he died—Columbia's bad luck—
A patriot's blood died the tail of the Buck.

But they did not all die for the Rebels oft tell
The plume of the Buck was a signal for hell;
Wherever he blew was the syphon's hot breath
And the wickedest Johnny got ready for death;
Like the rush of a charger when bridle is free
A legion of Bucktails came on as the sea,
And swept the foe onward, yes, lots upon lots,
At Drainsville and New Creek and other hard spots;
In never a campaign, North, South or West,
Did Kane and his Rifles come out second best.

Ah, gone are the plumes of those mountaineers hoary—
I warrant they're waving forever in glory.

CATALPA BLOSSOMS.

In that fair land of sun and tasseled corn
And soft repose beneath Catawba trees,
Where trumpet cups uplift the yellow horn
To fill the holds of summer-cruising bees—
There first I saw her violet-shining eyes,
A Southern Naiad matchless as her skies.

As an Orient blushing rose she seemed
Among the white Catalpas where she stood;
Her throat, soft toned, with rich Castilian teemed
With hero-verse that thrilled her Southron blood;
Sometimes her song across the rice-tipped mere
Was lisp of harp-string to my waking ear.

And when I hear the deep-voiced, far lagoons,
With subdued swash against the low levees,
Or mile-wide rushing streams whose loud bassoon
Echoes the soothing chorus of the seas,
I think of her dear heart whose mystery flings
From deeps of pearl the song of hidden things.

For once I told her of my heart's new birth—
She smiled reproof, was never prompt of earth;
Then reaching, plucked an over-hanging rose,
Laughing her bleeding fingers unto scorn;
Her eyes shone raptly with the love she knows;
She handed me the rose, but kissed the thorn.

MEMORY'S ROSES.

Memory's roses never fade
And in the softer air of night
They come with scent of summer glade
Aglow with kiss of Love's fresh light;
Their corollas are dewy bright;
And never shadow Hate has made
Can mar that bloom where Love has right—
For Memory's roses never fade.

Their sweet unfolding bringeth June
With glade and down and lark refrain
Where Hebe plays exultant tune—
Diviner far than earthly strain;
And flowery joyance comes again
With rose-dawns on the dew-steeped dunes,
Rose-dawns that still one face retain,
The fairest flower of other Junes.

Aglow with kiss of Love's fresh light,
From glade or down, with lark refrain,
Rose-bloom unaltered claims a right
To crown the glad heart's vestal train;
There is no cloud which hate has made
Can mar the soul's bright-blooming lawns
Where Memory's roses never fade
But scent the path to heavenly dawns.

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